

THE DEMING GRAPHIC

DEMING, NEW MEXICO.

Ignorance of the law is no excuse—even for a lawyer.

European monarchs are getting to be as "sociable" as village spinsters.

The politician who sets out to save the country is frequently hauled up for robbing her.

The flying machines and automobiles are helping a good deal in the race suicide business.

Diamonds are going to be marked up 5 per cent. Lay in your summer stock before the rise.

How could C. Oliver Iselin continue to be famous if Lipton were to quit challenging for the cup?

Dr. Parkhurst's ideal newspaper may be handicapped by the shortage of ideal people to support it.

The valued Cleveland Leader asks: "Why not boil the trusts?" True, roasting doesn't seem to answer.

A good many men act on the principle that the early worm who caught the bird stayed up all night to do it.

What Moscos who is president of Venezuela, now that the customs receipts have been properly distributed?

Mascagni is telling the Europeans that the Indians who inhabit America are much worse than they have been painted.

A new comic weekly is to be started in New York. It is one of the easiest things in the world to start a comic weekly.

The news that Haiti is on the verge of a revolution is not surprising. The revolution microbe is always active in the tropics.

Buffalo Bill admits that he is a millionaire, and what is better still, that he will soon retire from the show business.

The Turko-Bulgarian debate is assuming a more threatening attitude daily. In South America it would be called a war.

The man who is to cross Niagara falls by hanging to a wire with his teeth will probably turn out to be a new-fangled dentist.

The baseball player who scores the first home run of the season is greater than he who ruleth at the city hall—in the minds of some.

The New York actress who has undertaken to write a play in twenty-four hours probably won't get it produced in twenty-four years.

Dr. Jacques of Boston says he can make electricity from coal. More fame for him if last winter he had made coal from electricity.

Young Rockefeller is a chip of the old block. He insists that, for the purpose of taxation, his vast wealth is more than offset by his colossal debts.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle is the only man in the world that can unravel the Burdick murder mystery, and he will want about a dollar a word for the work.

Russell Sage has retired from active business, but it is not true that he is going to spend three afternoons a week playing ping pong with Mrs. Heity Green.

Missouri has gained considerable notoriety by making chicken stealing a felony. As a logical sequence it ought now to make mule stealing a capital crime.

Henry Ward Beecher's experience with the contribution plate gave him great skill in detecting coin values. The congregation never could fool him with pants buttons.

Minister Bowen told the Yale students that Venezuela is no place for young men from the United States. Good. For American young men of the right sort there's no place like home.

Granting all that Sir Thomas may say as to the terrific speed Shamrook III. will make during the races, it is still fair to suppose that the Reliance will not be exactly standing still at the time.

The Maine man who has worked up a business of exporting cat-o-nine-tails to London, where he finds a market for all that he can get, certainly thought of something that had never occurred to any one before.

Weasels Fight for Their Lives

Chicken Stealing Pests Make Desperate Attack on Farmer Who Finds Them at Work in His Turkey House—Herman Shultz Finally Wins a Dearly Bought Victory.

Those who think that the Pennsylvania weasel cannot fight would do well not to try to argue the case with Herman Shultz, a farmer residing over in the Wallis run district, says a Forksville (Pa.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. Shultz' experience was with seven of the animals—half-famished, ravenous creatures that fought him as desperately as wildcats. The scene of Shultz' novel battle was in a small shed in which a dozen or more turkeys were housed. Farmers in that section have always been losers of fowls because the weasels prey upon their flocks. Shultz had taken the precaution to protect the corner of his shed in which the turkeys roosted with a cage built of close-meshed wire, so that foraging animals could not reach the birds. This very cage, while it served effectively to protect his turkeys, came near being the undoing of Shultz himself.

One of the coldest nights of last winter Shultz was awakened by hearing a terrible commotion in his turkey house. The peculiarly distressing piping of the hen turkeys told Shultz' practiced ear that an enemy was in sight. Shultz went to the shed with a lantern, arming himself en route with a mixing paddle used to prepare food for the pigs—a hickory stick about two inches thick and eighteen inches long. When he entered the shed the rays of the lantern as he held it aloft disclosed a half dozen or more weasels scouting about over the wire frame.

Shultz struck one of the weasels with his cudgel, crippling it a little. Instantly the little animal attacked him like a furious cat, squealing, biting and scratching.

Before Shultz could seize it a half dozen more of the creatures leaped from the cage full upon him to the help of their squealing comrade. Shultz dropped his lantern, but fortunately it did not go out, then with his weapon he began battle with the ravenous pests as best he could. But all this while he was being bitten on hands and face and neck. He feared most for his eyes, for the animals appeared to be doing their best to reach these. One ear was torn.

Shultz, after a battle which he thinks must have lasted ten minutes, succeeded in killing five of the weasels with his club. Then the other, evidently frightened at the lessening forces, attempted to escape. But in this game Shultz had the best of it. In his floundering and dancing about he had accidentally overturned a barrel of potatoes and these spilled out upon the floor, completely shutting up the hole in the boards through which the weasels had gained entrance. The lantern furnished enough light to fight by and Shultz after half an hour exterminated the whole colony of weasels.

After the fight was over, besides smarting from innumerable bites of the animals, Shultz found that the odorous shed—something like that of a skunk—was affecting him and for five hours afterward he was the sickest man in all the Wallis run region. He got his wife up to make tea, but the first thing she did when she got downstairs was to make him go out in the cold night and leave his offensive outer garments to cool off in the night winds.

His Uncle Job's Business Head

Incident in Boy's Life That Caused Him to Have Lasting Admiration for His Relative—Comes to His Memory Usually About This Time of the Year.

"Along about this time o' year," said the man with the loud cigar butt, "I always think of my Uncle Job Pillister and the big business head he had. The preponderance of the business idea in my Uncle Job was great. I think of it most about this time o' year because I lived with him on the farm when I was a boy, and he said to me one day:

"'Absalom, I s'pose you know them early 'taters is to be planted to-day. I guess we'd better get at 'em.' 'I knew all about that 'tater planting well enough, but I had just dug a lot o' fishworms and was all ready to go down to the creek to try the trout. So I said:

"'Yes, Uncle Job. But the trout are biting tremendous, so folks are saying.'"

"'Is that so?' said Uncle Job, blandly. 'Well, then, my boy, I s'pose you've been digging fishworms?'"

"'Yes, uncle,' said I, feeling good. 'And you've got your pole and line all fixed ready, too, I s'pose?'"

"'Yes, uncle,' said I, and I could just as good as see myself on the creek that minute and feel the trout biting.

"'Creek ain't too high, think?' said Uncle Job.

"'Never was in better shape for fishing, everybody says,' said I.

"'Well,' said Uncle Job, thinking it

over, 'I s'pose it ain't going to make much difference if only one of us plants 'taters to-day.'"

"'Not a bit,' said I, 'if it doesn't make any difference to you.'"

"'No, it don't,' said Uncle Job. 'No difference to me, at all. You're sure you've got worms enough, though, my boy?' said he.

"'Oh, plenty,' said I, starting to get my fishpole.

"'And you're sure the trout are biting good?' said Uncle Job.

"'They never bit better!' said I.

"'All right, then,' said Uncle Job. 'That being the case, I guess I'll take the pole and the worms and go down to the creek and see what luck I'll have. You just go on planting 'taters as if I wasn't here, and get in as many as you can, for it's a good day for planting,' and he took the worms and the pole and went fishing.

"I was a little set back, of course, but I couldn't help but admire the preponderance of the business idea in Uncle Job. It wasn't fishing that he cared so much about. It was the getting in of the 'taters, and you will notice that he did not make up his mind to go fishing until he found I could get along with the planting all right. So along about this time o' year I always think of my Uncle Job Phillister and the big business head that he had."

Don't Bet on Your Watch

New York Jeweler Gives Good Advice to Those Sportively Inclined—The Best Timepieces Are Liable to Develop Unsuspected Weaknesses at Any Time.

In the windows of nearly all the big retail jewelry stores downtown are chronometers. In fact, the chronometer has become the most valuable part of the window display.

Two prosperous-looking men, after comparing their watches the other day with one of these chronometers, were seen to go inside the store and a few minutes later to reappear. As they did so one of the men passed a roll of bills to the other. Then they laughed, shook hands and separated.

The jeweler stood inside and smiled. "It's funny," he said to a Sun reporter, "how many people there are in this world who have the betting fever and how foolishly they risk their money. Those two men are samples. Before the day is over I've no doubt half a dozen more will be in to get me to decide similar bets. Every day we have some.

"What did they bet on? Why, on the nearness of their watches to the correct time. Of course, two men who make such a bet have the betting hunch to begin with. Then they're also stuck on the watches they carry.

"There was the difference of two seconds between the watches in the case you just noticed, but on that \$25 changed hands. I've known it to be as high as a hundred.

"The difference between any two watches is rarely less than half a second. It's generally more. But when a bet is made men generally want the jeweler to decide it and, of course, we're always willing. I guess quite a few thousands have changed hands on my decisions by this time.

"A man will get a watch abroad and pay big money for it. He'll meet a friend who has bought one of the crack American watches, and if they've got the sporting instinct a bet will almost invariably follow a comparison of the watches.

"Perhaps both men have set their watches that day or the day before, and so are willing to wager all the money they've got with them, and that's often a big roll.

Steel Rusts Quickly.

Steel rusts seven times as rapidly as iron.

Some Facts About the Bible

Number of Letters and Words in the Holy Book Counted By Unfortunate Confined in Spanish Prison—The Word "Reverend" Occurs But Once in the Pages.

It is well known that the number of letters, words, verses, etc., contained in the Bible have been counted, but by whom when or where, is not generally known. Treat's publication, entitled "Curiosities of the Bible," speaks of the occurrence as being of Spanish origin, and that the Prince of Granada, fearing usurpation, caused the arrest of the supposed would-be usurper, and by order of the Spanish crown he was thrown into an old prison called the place of skulls, situated in Madrid, where he was confined for thirty-three years, with no other companion than the rats, mice and other vermin that frequented his dismal cell.

During his confinement he counted the letters, etc., contained in the Bible, and scratched the several numbers on the stone walls with a nail. When his work was discovered he was furnished with writing utensils and ordered to make a copy of the results of his long and tedious task, and, on its being completed, he finally received his liberty.

The following is a correct copy of his great work:

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 773,746 words, 31,173 verses, 1,195 chapters and 66 books.

The word "and" occurs 10,684 times, the word "Lord" 1,853 times, the word "Jehovah" 6,855 times, and the word "reverend" but once, which is in the ninth verse of the One Hundred and Eleventh psalm.

The middle verse is the eighth verse of the One Hundred and Eighteenth psalm. The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet with the

exception of the letter j.

The finest chapter to read is the twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The most beautiful chapter is the Twenty-third psalm. The nineteenth chapter of II. Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The four most inspiring promises are to be found in the sixth chapter of St. John, thirty-seventh verse, and fourteenth chapter, second verse; also eleventh chapter of St. Matthew, twenty-eighth verse, and the Thirty-Seventh psalm, fourth verse.

The longest verse is the ninth verse, eighth chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the thirty-fifth verse, eleventh chapter, of St. John.

There are ten chapters in the book of Esther in which the words "Lord" and "God" do not occur. The eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first verses of the One Hundred and Seventh psalm are alike. Each verse of the One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth psalm end alike. The One Hundred and Seventeenth psalm contains but two verses, the One Hundred and Nineteenth psalm contains 176 verses. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

It has also been discovered by some person unknown that in Joel, third chapter, third verse, the word "girl" occurs, and in the eighth chapter of Zachariah, fifth verse, the word "girl" is mentioned for the only time in the whole book.

The eighth chapter of Esther, ninth verse, contains fifty-two ts. The word "snow" appears twenty-four times in the Old Testament and three times in the New.—Boston Herald.

Some Growsome Fads of Collectors

One Millionaire Vanderbilt Gathered Together the Boots of Executed Murderers—Necklace of Human Eyes the Fad of Another Man with More Money Than Sense.

Some people find a positive fascination in the growsome, and their chief ambition in life seems to be to establish a private chamber of horrors.

One of the Vanderbilts, who died some years ago, had a mania for collecting the boots of men and women who had died on the scaffold, and a new execution threw him into a fever of anticipation. When Guiteau met his fate this collector traveled by special train to Washington and waited three days before he managed to make a deal with the executioner to get the assassin's boots. Mr. Vanderbilt's collection numbered 200 pairs, each treasured as if it had been a costly gem, and labeled with the name of its original owner and a full history of his crime. He took as much pleasure in adding to his queer collection as in watching his millions grow, and on his death the boots were purchased by a Chicago museum for \$7,800.

Another lover of the growsome devoted his time to the collection of a necklace of human eyes, each polished to the brilliancy of a jewel and richly mounted on gold. This collection was one of the exhibits of the World's Fair in Chicago. There is only one other necklace of the kind in the world. It was found in Kent in the

reign of Queen Anne and has been preserved carefully.

A museum in Washington has in its possession a buckskin collar which was picked up in a field in Wyoming. It is artistically covered with shells of blue and white beads, and as pendants boasts five arrowheads of flint and eight human fingers, probably taken from the hands of enemies by an Indian who had acquired the collecting fad.

From the descendants of another Indian chief a collector bought a lasso, 50 feet long, made from the hair of the wives and daughters of pioneer settlers. He keeps it in a superb cabinet with a number of other horrors, including a watch chain fashioned by a Corsican bandit from the beard of one of his comrades whom he had stabbed in a quarrel over a division of spoil.

Collections of tattooed heads are fairly common. The finest belongs to an Englishman who is the proud possessor of 26. The tastes of some collectors run wholly to skulls, and when they hear of a new one with a history they spare no trouble or expense to annex it. Death masks are in strong demand by the faddists, and fabulous sums are cheerfully paid for good ones.

Broke Up Bridge Whist Club

Hot-Tempered Leader of Society Slapped Her Partner's Face in Rage Over What She Considered a Misplay—Too Many Women Involved for Affair to be Kept Secret.

One bridge club has recently gone out of existence and its last meeting is scarcely mentioned by the members to the outside world, says the New York Sun. The list of the members reads like a page out of the social register. Even that fact, however, could not save it from disruption after the exciting incidents that marked the last meeting.

One of the players was a woman whose social position is as well established as the fact that she has a violent temper, which she has never found it necessary to control. Her partner was a much younger woman, who thought she was doing as well as she could with her cards.

Her high-tempered partner did not agree with her. She repeatedly showed her disapproval of the other's plays. After one that especially displeased her she lost all self-control, and leaning forward she slapped the offending partner on the cheek.

All the women jumped to their feet. The astonished hostess rushed across the room. The irate player had just raised her hand to apply another slap to her unfortunate partner when the

hostess attempted to separate the two.

The hostess got the blow. Her surprise at the force of the blow was such that she fell under the table. She discreetly remained there until the fleeing guests escaped from the room.

One woman got wedged behind a sofa and had to stay there until the row had altogether abated. This happened only after the woman first attacked had burst into tears, her antagonist had sailed out of the room in unrepentant scorn and the hostess, not damaged but shocked, had clambered to her feet.

Naturally that bridge club met no more to play cards. All but the beligerent member had a series of informal discussions looking to the suppression of all talk about the affair. They all swore secrecy.

But there were sixteen women concerned and the affair leaked out. It has been a sensation of the winter. Naturally the accounts of it have grown. Some of the exaggerations are grotesque. But they are no more remarkable than the original incident.